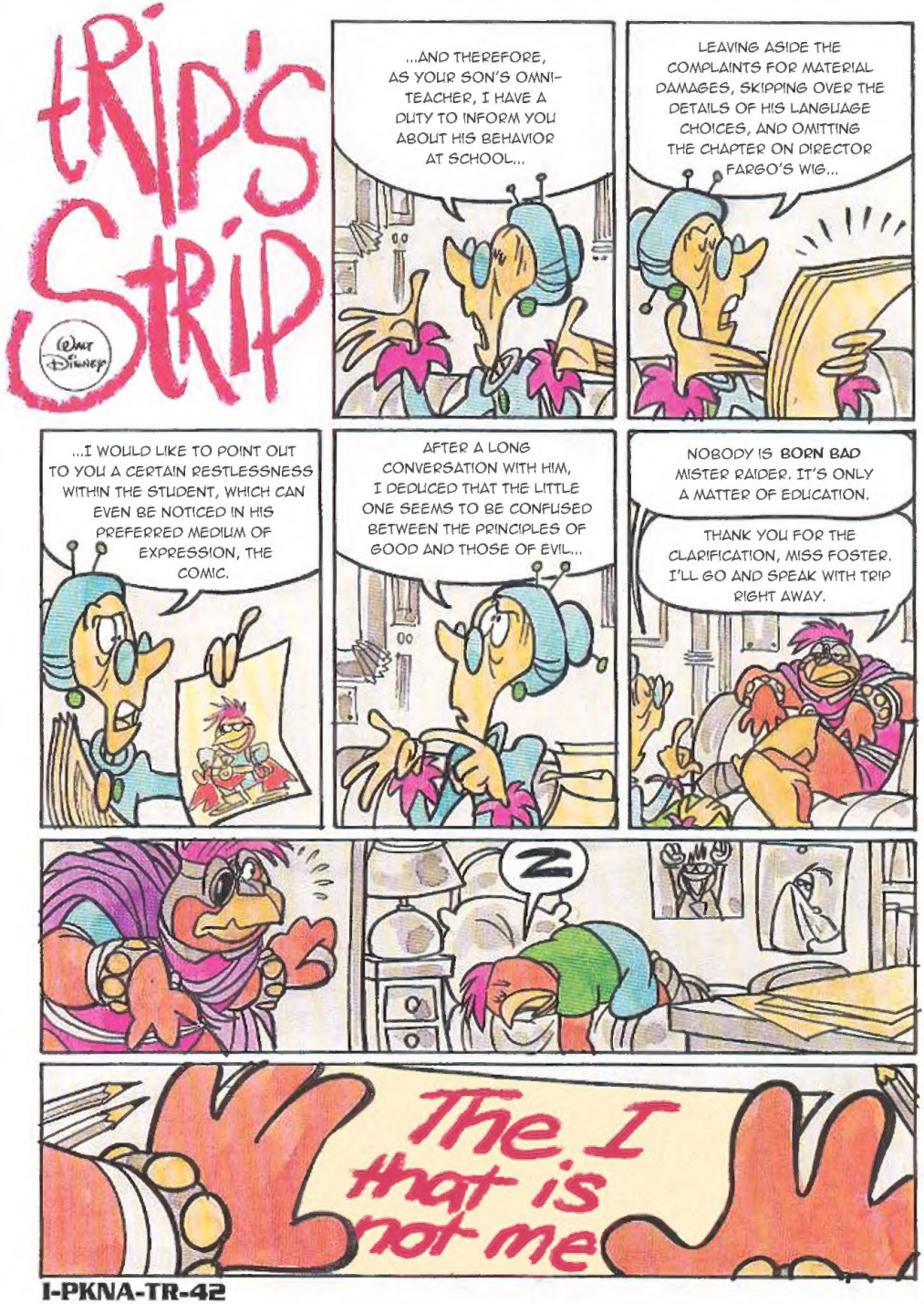
TRIP'S STRIP


...AND THEREFORE, AS YOUR SON'S OMNI-TEACHER, I HAVE A DUTY TO INFORM YOU ABOUT HIS BEHAVIOR AT SCHOOL...
LEAVING ASIDE THE COMPLAINTS FOR MATERIAL DAMAGES, SKIPPING OVER THE DETAILS OF HIS LANGUAGE CHOICES, AND OMITTING THE CHAPTER ON DIRECTOR FARGO'S WIG...
...I WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT TO YOU A CERTAIN RESTLESSNESS WITHIN THE STUDENT, WHICH CAN EVEN BE NOTICED IN HIS PREFERRED MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION, THE COMIC.
AFTER A LONG CONVERSATION WITH HIM, I DEDUCED THAT THE LITTLE ONE SEEMS TO BE CONFUSED BETWEEN THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD AND THOSE OF EVIL...
NOBODY IS BORN BAD MISTER RAIDER. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF EDUCATION.
THANK YOU FOR THE CLARIFICATION, MISS FOSTER. I'LL GO AND SPEAK WITH TRIP RIGHT AWAY.
2
The I that is not me

I-PKNA-TR-42

AH! ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE BEGINS FOR TIMEBOY, THE SUPERHERO WHO STEALS TIME FROM THE RICH TO GIVE IT TO THE POOR. LET'S DO SOME DAMAGE, CAPTION.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT SUPERHEROES DON'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT.
YOU'RE JUST A NARRATOR, CAPTION. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BEING A HERO?
ENOUGH. I SPOKE WITH MISS FOSTER ABOUT IT.
TRIP'S OMNI-TEACHER?
YES, THE KID WHO, EVEN IF YOU NEVER WANT TO ADMIT IT (ACCORDING TO MISS FOSTER), IS IN FACT YOUR ALTER EGO.
MISS FOSTER SAYS THAT HEROES DON'T STEAL OR CAUSE HARM.
HERE WE GO AGAIN. YOU'RE NOT GONNA ASK ME TO SAVE THE WORLD, ARE YOU?
MISS FOSTER SUGGESTED ME AN EDUCATIONAL PLOT FOR THIS STORY.
AN EDUCATIO... NO! DON'T MAKE ME PARTICIPATE IN A STORY WITH A MORAL AT THE END! DON'T-
ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A GOOD CHILD...
AAARGH!
?

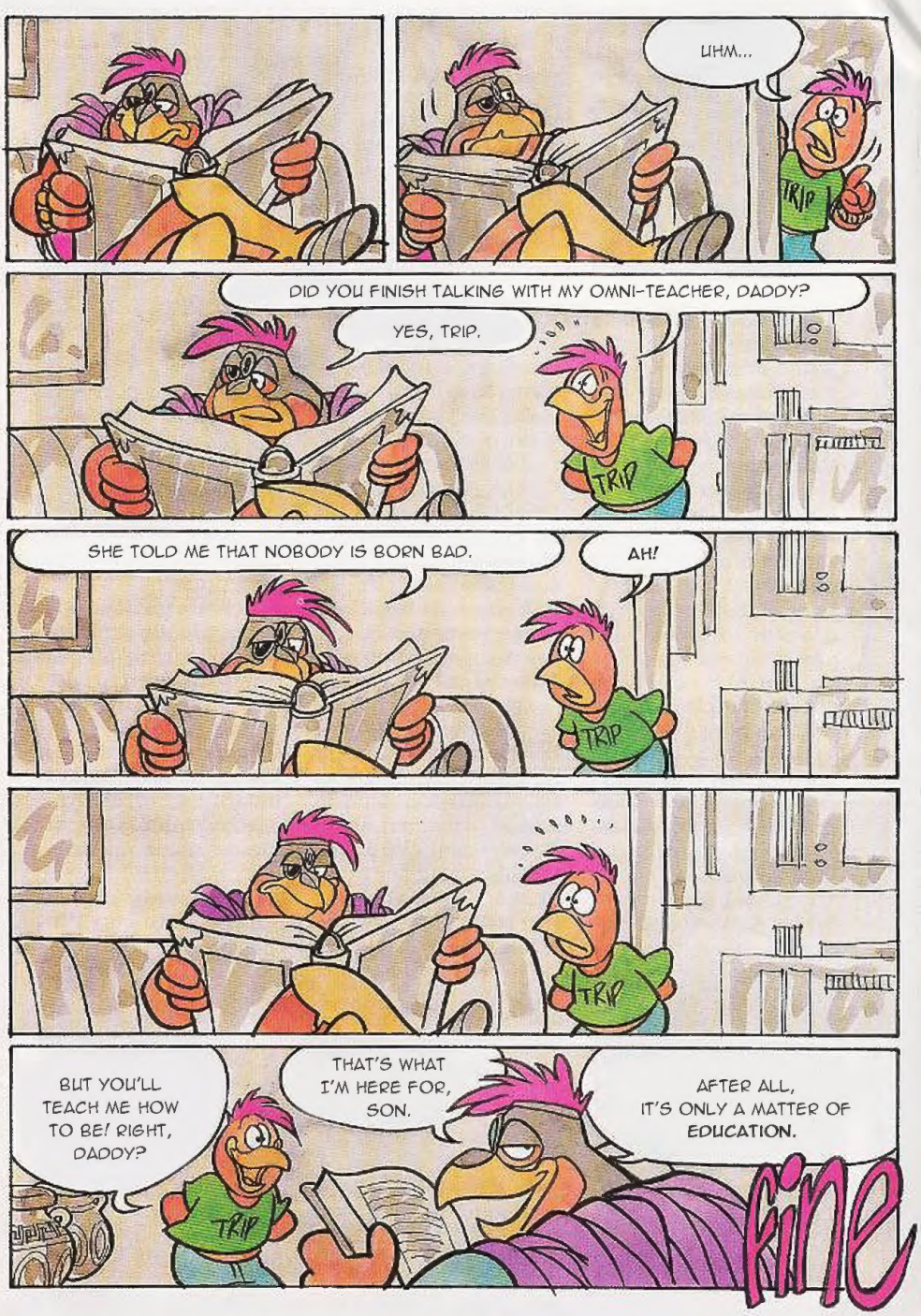
PHew! THanks, caPtion. I HaD a niGHtmaRe. I DReamt I was a GooD kiD, witH HaiR so stRaiGHt it looKeD like it HaD BeeN licKeD By a cow.
THat wasn't a DReam. I was JUst inTRoDUCing tHe PRotaGoNist of tHis stoRy. HeRe aRe tHe otHeR cHaRacteRs...
THe RaiDeR, fatHeR aND tHief.
tHe conSCience, wHicH looks like Miss FosteR.
THe PetULance, wHicH looks like BRitney LiPstiz, a classmate of tHe PROtaGoNist.
Some GeNeRic Pizza cHefs aND a cow.
THe RaiDeR was a feaReD time PiRate, famoUs foR His cleVeR catcHPHRases.
THis fact maDe conVeRsatioN Between fatHeR aND SON eVeN moRe DifficULt.
WHoeVeR Has time, Don't wait foR me. It's as tHey say, tHe eaRly BiRD Gets tHe woRm!
Is it tRUe tHat yoU aRe not aN HoNest man? anSweR tRUtHfUlly, DaDDy.
All GooD tHiNGS come in teas.
?
oNe BeaUtiful Day, tHe GooD cHilD HaD a conVeRsatioN witH His own con$science.
Lately, I've HaD a Really BaD HeaDacHe.
yoUR sUBconSCioUS is aRGUiNG witH yoUR UNconSCioUS miND, aND yoUR sHoes aRe aRGUiNG witH yoUR feet.

What does that all mean?
that if you don't immediately take action, you'll become a scoundrel like your father.
Impossible. How much do I owe you?
For now, nothing. But give me back my wallet.
As a matter of fact, a horrible transformation began in the following days.
Hello, is this the emergency room? I woke up with a black mask on my face.
Either you're a thief, or you need to stop spying on your neighbor with grease-stained binoculars.
Since the binoculars were clean, there was only one option left...
I'm becoming a criminal!
Bah! another caller who mistook us for the emergency room.
I told you. They put down our number incorrectly in the phone book.
In the following days, the changes became much more evident...
I also grew a cloak on my back. What do I do?
order a stuffed calzone.

And so, the good child transformed into a bad child. He became a masked thief, just like his father.
Time is my mud pit and I happily roll in it!
Even if he didn't have the same taste in clever catchphrases.
Furthermore, he did not possess the same clarity of intent.
Stop everything! This is a robbery!
No it's not. This is a pizzeria.
I told you! They spelled the name wrong on the sign.
But, soon enough, the young man had to deal with his own conscience again.
my knee ~~hurts~~ hurts.
Your good self is still alive and your boot is dirtying my sofa.
What does that mean?
Good and evil cannot coexist. The conflict that is within you will make you explode.
No! I will not explode! I will find a way to save myself by carrying out a bold experiment!
Okay. In the meantime, get away from my good rug.
To carry out the daring experiment, the bad child used his peer: petulance.
I only called you because I have to leave my body and meet the other side of myself, at the threshold of the mind.
Oh! And I was thinking this was a romantic date. But what are you talking about?
I'll speak with my conscience, while you, petulance, just need to say some nonsense like usual.

And so, under the alienating effect of Petulance's monologue...
No one has ever asked me to speak, not before hearing the shrill sound of my voice and considered the extent of my vocal gifts and heard the low hum of my vocal chords, even though I remember that when I was little...
...the bad self left its body and found the good self, within the threshold of the mind.
Here's my good self. I'll finally eliminate him once and for all.
Du-de-dum...
Could you pass me that robe, please?
Uh! P-pardon?
Sorry if I call you "you," but I can't address you as I or me.
I don't understand. You knew I was here?
Oh, but you're NOT here. You're just an explanatory image, which will soon disappear. Follow me.
Here you are. From this position we can see our body well.
I don't see anybody except that tall guy.
I made us leap forward in time, to show you the true consequences of your bold experiment.
Y you mean that guy... that's us, in the near future? But then, the other person is...

Petulance. After hearing her beautiful voice, we fell madly in love and married her.
It-It's not possible!
Goodbye, dear. Don't forget your briefcase...
...and your badge and your gun and your handcuffs and...
and that's not all. We have become a skilled time policeman.
Are you joking? Who knows what our father thinks of us.
Nothing. Because we had him arrested.
Eeeh?!
Yes. I can still remember his final, touching words.
Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law, dad.
Don't count your cows before they hatch.
?
So, the good self has completely taken over the bad self. I can't... I don't want to believe it.
Denial soothes a bad conscience.
But your conscience says that it's time for you to disappear forever, after writing the final moral one hundred times. And it is...
always triumphs over evil


UHM...
TRIP
DID YOU FINISH TALKING WITH MY OMNI-TEACHER, DADDY?
YES, TRIP.
SHE TOLD ME THAT NOBODY IS BORN BAD.
AH!
BUT YOU'LL TEACH ME HOW TO BE! RIGHT, DADDY?
THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR, SON.
AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF EDUCATION.
fine